

"One man you know—the other you do not know. And Willis loves you still. He told me that he could never be happy without you. It is not too late, dear."

"Yes, it is too late," Norma answered. "Harry loves me and a woman is as much bound by honor as any man. I am engaged to Harry. I am his affianced wife, and nothing can come between us."

"But suppose Harry does not love you?"

"Then he must tell me so."

"And would you let him go gladly, then? Consider your heart carefully, Norma. Search into its depths. Confess that you would be glad to let Harry go and to have Willis back."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because, May, when a woman gives her love, in my opinion, at least, she gives it for eternity. What do differences of mood matter so long as beneath them there is the spirit, with its resolutions of fidelity, and its real love?"

Harry listened in awe. He had not meant to play the eavesdropper. But this was a new Norma whom he had not known or suspected, and suddenly it occurred to him that Norma's nature would unfold for him, developing in unexpected way, if only he was faithful to her.

"That's not a real reason," said May Arbuckle, scornfully.

"Well, then, I'll give you another," answered Norma, rising. "Because I love him more than a thousand Willises put together. Because I intend to love him, with all my heart as long as I live. There, May!"

There was a new sound in Norma's voice that Harry had never heard there before. And, remembering his position he crept quietly away and down the street.

Suddenly the memory of Miriam became very faint and dim. He realized that this new love of his was nothing but an image, drawn from the depths of an unstable heart and

projected upon the mirror of his mind. Why, Miriam was nothing to him and never could be anything. Once more he had enwrapped himself in phantasies when the one woman in his heart was waiting for him, with a love that would never change.

He felt very humble and small. And, in the train that night, he repeated this prayer over and over.

"God, give me constancy and faith, that I may be true to Norma in all my thoughts as long as I live."

And when, returning the next day, he held her in his arms, he knew that his prayer would be answered.

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**SHE IS FAIRY GODMOTHER TO
LITTLE WAIFS**



MAY HILDRETH

Miss May Hildreth, a Chicago girl, who plays fairy godmother to dozens of little children of the slums, proteges of the New Future society, a philanthropic organization. Finding homes for homeless children is the special work of the new future society.